Lyſ. Now pritty one, how long have you beene at this trade?

Mar. What trade ſir?

Lyſ. Why, I cannot name, but I ſhall offend.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade, pleaſe you to name it.

Li. How long have you beene of this profeſſion?

Mar. Ere ſince I can remember.

Li. Did you goe too't ſo yong, were you a gamſter at five or at ſeaven?

Mar. Earlier too ſir, if now I be one.

Ly. Why the houſe you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of ſale.

Mar. Doe you know this houſe to be a place of ſuch reſort and will come into it? I heare ſay you are of honourable parts and the Governour of this place.

Ly. Why, hath your Principall made knowne unto you, who I am?

Mar. Who is my Principall?

Ly. Why your hearbe woman, ſhe that ſets ſeeds and roots of ſhame and iniquity: Oh you have heard ſome-thing of my power,, and ſo ſtand aloft for more ſerious wooing, but I proteſt to thee, pretty one, my authority ſhall not ſee thee, or elſe looke friendly upon thee; come bring me to ſome private place, come, come.

Mar. If you were borne to honour, ſhew it now, if put upon you, make the judgement good, that thought you worthy of it.

Ly. How's this? how's this? ſome more, be ſage.

Mar. For me that am a maide, though moſt ungentle Fortune have plac'd me in this Stie, where ſince I came, diſeaſes have beene ſold dearer than Phyſicke, O that the gods would ſet me free from this unhallowed place, though they did change me to the meaneſt bird that flies i'th purer aire.

Ly. I did not thinke thou couldſt have ſpoke ſo well, I never dreampt thou couldſt; had I brought hither a corrupted minde, thy ſpeech had altered it, hold heere's gold for thee, perſevere in that cleare way thou goeſt, and the gods ſtrengthen thee.

Mar.

Mar. The good gods preſe

Ly. For my part, I came wit
doores and windowes ſavour
peece of vertue, and I doubt
ble, hold, heere's more gold f
like a theefe, that robs thee o
from me, it ſhall be for thy g

Boult. I beſeech your hon

Ly. Avant thou damned d
this virgin that doth prop i
you. Away.

Boult. How's this? we mu
your peeviſh chaſtity, whic
cheapeſt Country under the
hold, let me be gelded like a

Mar. Whither would you

Boult. I muſt have your m
mon hang-man ſhall execut
more gentlemen driven awa

Baud. How now, what's

Boult. Worſe and worſe
words to the Lord *Lyſimach*

Baud O abhominable.

Boult. He makes our pro
face of the gods.

Baud. Marry hang her u

Boult. The Nobleman w
bleman, and ſhe ſent him
his prayers too.

Baud. Boult, take her a
the glaſſe of her virginity,

Boult. And if ſhe were
is, ſhe ſhall be ploughed.

Mar. Harke, harke, yo

Baud. She conjures, awa

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